The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 11 SUMMER 1965 35c THE COPY

THE GHOSTS ON THE PLATFORM

WASHINGTON REPORT

SALTLICKHAM SUMMER

Other Domestic Matters

A midwestern Senator was in the midst of a campaign speech last fall when he suddenly halted. He looked out at his audience and announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen. This is the first time either you or I have heard this speech and, frankly, I don't agree with it." He finished his address speaking off-the-cuff.

The occasion brought a rare moment of truth to the nation's speaking platforms. For here, unnoticed by the press, a public official had confessed to having been duped by a member of a sinister elite; he had been reading words handed to him moments before mounting the stage written not by himself, but by a ghostwriter.

Not even the Central Intelligence Agency is as secret and powerful an organization as the society of ghostwriters. Yet like CIA agents, ghostwriters have proliferated in recent years, their actions, number, and appropriations unchecked by a joint congressional committee or any other board of review, until today they sit at thousands of typewriters behind thousands of unmarked doors, making inarticulate men articulate, and forcing senators to say things they don't believe.

Like an agent of the CIA, a ghostwriter often works under a cover. He is labelled an "administrative assistant" or "staff aide," but whatever his title, his job is to spew forth an endless stream of verbage upon the American scene.

In his candid book, *Congress, the Sapless Branch,* Senator Joseph Clark, revealed the extent to which words are sown amongst the good citizens of his state under his signature, words which he may never have seen.

Clark admitted he decided early in his senatorial career that he would have to give his staff assistants "virtually complete responsibility for processing the mail."

Clark's mail, like that of many other legislators is answered in large part by robotypers. The Pennsylvania senator rhapsodized about these machines:

"Robo machines are semiautomated electric typewriters which will type a form letter at the press of a button. There is a newer, more expensive model which is fully automated. The robos will produce hundreds of perfectly typed letters in an afternoon; the super-robos will produce thousands of letters all night, while the staff and Senator sleep! And the beauty of it is that only a real expert can tell a robotyped letter and signature from one personally dictated and signed."

Then the Senator went on to describe the ultimate in deceptive devices — the autopen, a $1200 contraption that simulates signatures. Clark has three forged signatures that he uses:

"Most answers get the formal 'Jo-

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The Idler

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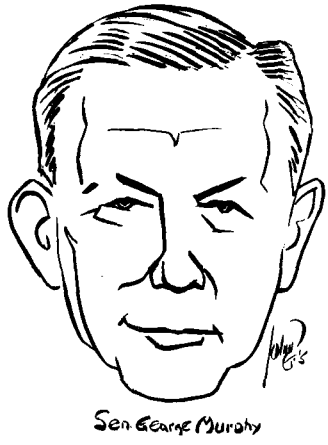
seph S. Clark.' Politicians who are not intimate get 'Joe Clark.' Friends get 'Joe' as do a fair number who are not friends but call me 'Joe' when they write."

(Before being too critical of Clark we must consider the ironic and interesting possibility that the comments on ghostwriting machines quoted above may have themselves been ghostwritten and that the senator may never have seen them before they were published under his name.)

Senator Clark's wonderful writing machines and the growth of the ghostwriting as a profession are evidence of widespread acceptance of a strange theory that the complexities of modern life make it necessary for public figures to say more than they can compose themselves. In fact, it is even believed in some circles that it is better if the public figure composes nothing at all and merely reads what is given him. Thus the news report on



Ghostwriter's Ideal

a new speech-writing office in the Navy Department which included the rather scornful note that "Now speech writing, even on the higher levels, is a sort of 'do-it-yourself' project." The man who writes his own stuff is (as a ghostwriter might phrase it over at the Pentagon) becoming virtually obsoleted.

Under such circumstances, it is not suprising that George Murphy should win a seat in the U.S. Senate or Ronald Reagan run for governor of California. They are the ghostwriter's ideal, actors who have learned to be pliant performers of someone else's words. We strongly suspect, in fact, that if the Republican Party fails to recover from its present afflictions it will be replaced by Actor's Equity.

It is argued that a man as busy as the President must employ a staff of ghostwriters in order to keep up with his verbal commitments. Yet is Mr. Johnson any busier than Winston Churchill was at the height of the Second World War? Churchill, according to the reports we have read, spent hours sweating over his speeches, grooming them to perfection. Somehow, amidst the V-2's and the invasion plans, he found time to prepare his own words.

Churchill knew the power of speech and he knew its weaknesses,

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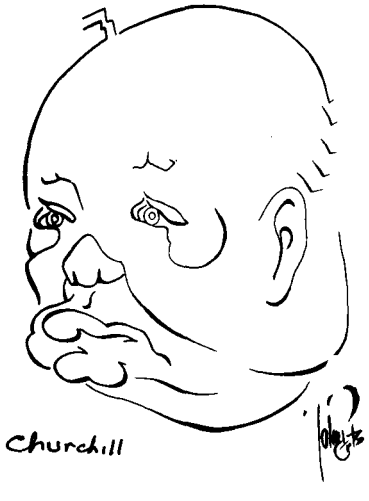
too. He realized that Britain required more than a plethora of cliches ground out day after day; it needed words that would stick in the heart and the guts.

We will, however, concede that there are some valid reasons for the President, speaking as the whole government, to employ ghostwriters. But do senators, representatives, Air Force generals, bank presidents, ball players, police chiefs, bishops, United Fund chairmen and Girl Scout leaders have the same need? Hardly.

If they are presented the choice between hiring someone to compose their speeches or articles and not speaking or writing, let them keep silent. We would all be the better for it.

Congress would function more smoothly. Businessmen would not suffer indigestion from attending too many bad public dinners. "Mr. Chairmen, Reverends, and distinguished guests" everywhere would have more time for their wives and children.

Further, we would be able to vote for political candidates as they really are, unvarnished by the efforts of a anonymous group of scribes. As things stand, we have no assurance that a candidate, once in office, will keep the same speech-writer used in the campaign and so we likewise have no assurance that we will continue to get what we paid for at the polls.



Not Too Busy For Words

For Friends: An Autopenned "Joe"

It might be possible to abolish the profession of ghostwriting altogether if a Federal law against plagiarism were passed. Our legislators could, if they had trouble drafting the measure, check with any of our higher institutions of learning — the Air Force Academy, for example — for model academic codes dealing with this problem. And ghostwriters could be prepared for new lives under the Manpower Retraining Act.

But we realize this isn't too practical and so offer a typical legislative compromise — a labelling bill.

Under it, speakers and authors would be forced to disclose the true origin of their material and the names of ghostwriters would be listed with those of their candidates on all ballots.

It's going to be tough to get even this measure through. The ghostwriters will work overtime churning out speeches in opposition to it. But if we win, a glorious silence will descend upon the land. Public men will say no more than is within themselves and they will learn what Lincoln discovered some time ago: that if you have something to say, you can write a pretty good speech on the back of an envelope all by yourself.

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WASHINGTON

Emerson said it. "Evermore in this world is this marvelous balance of beauty and disgust, magnificence and rats." He had the Johnson Administration pegged.

The President makes a notable proposal one day; indulges in a petulant whim the next. Impressive achievements in Congress are marred by impressive blunders elsewhere. Eloquence is matched by obfuscation. It's all pretty hard to follow; you just have to keep your eye on the bouncing President and hope you can stay in the same key as the consensus.

Lyndon Johnson is everywhere. Carried across the Atlantic by Early Bird, he appears suddenly upon the television tubes of millions of European viewers. A United Press International night man finds him on the other end of the phone, correcting a story that has come over the White House ticker. And don't leave your own TV too long. He's got the camera in his million dollar White House studio warmed up all day long just in case he has a mind to reason with y'all.

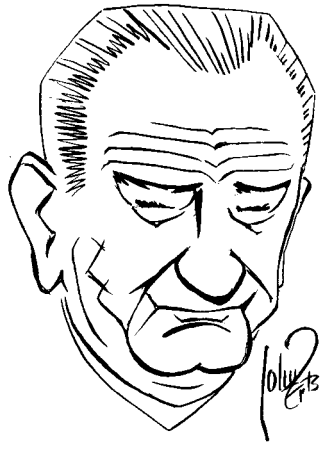
If the evidence around Washington is any indication, Mr. Johnson would be wise not to let the people get to know him too well. He's not the sort who grows on you. With seven and a half more years to go, many in this town already have become disenchanted with the man.

Often admirable in the abstract, he becomes annoying and trying in the flesh. He is fiercely proud of his eccentricities and makes the whole government cater to them. He is insensitive of others and oversensitive about himself. He carries around polls to prove how well loved he is and yet is probably one of the least loveable Presidents of our history. Separate the man from his policies and you often have a egocentric, somewhat crude and overbearing bore.

Still, his domestic policies and programs are awfully good. Full voting rights, medicare, decent aid to education, concern for natural resources, and a vigorous Federal assault on poverty have all entered the lexicon of the accepted. Mr. Johnson chased away many of the bogiemen that have scared Congress and the public in the past. We're beginning to believe in progress again.

His legislative successes have established a new par for the Congressional course. And the men up on the Hill are finally learning that they can't keep up the pace with anachronistic procedures. They have a joint committee doing a comprehensive review of proposed changes in Congressional organization. Congress may be on the verge of joining the 20th century.

There is one Johnson program that could be in for some real trouble. But



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don't be too rough on the anti-poverty people just yet. The pols have their hand in the till and money is being wasted with a flourish. NBC reports that even though Los Angeles needs auto mechanics none are being trained under the big Federal progam there.

But here's the good side.

We went to a meeting and saw a group of recently trained community workers present a brief program about what they hoped to do in their neighborhood. They were all Negroes. Some had been unemployed, some had been truck loaders or held other menial jobs.

They wrote and put on a skit to show what they had learned. The scene is a Washington slum home. An unemployed doltish father watches as his harried wife cooks fatback for eight or so children crammed into one small room. There's a knock on the door.

The wife answers it. "Now, who would you be?"

A heavy-set and perspiring poverty player holds out his hand and says, "I'm your community worker. I'm here to help you help yourself."

The father gets up off the couch. "Now you wouldn't be one of those social workers who comes around and promises things but don't give us nothing?"

The community worker assures him to the contrary. He lines up employment for the father, food coupons, shoes and legal assistance. Curtain.

The actors didn't need a method course to produce realistic performances. They had lived the roles before they even wrote the skit. They believed the ending they put on it and made you believe it too.

The Second Precinct has twenty missionaries of hope. "We're already doing good things," one told us.

The same is true of the job corps and the manpower retraining programs. How do you compute the value of giving someone a helping hand?

Money will be wasted. The liberals always hurt themselves by not spending enough time worrying about the efficiency of their welfare programs. They set themselves up as sniping targets for the reactionaries. But failures in the administration of the program should not obscure the merits of the program itself.

Besides, if you really want to save money, ask the General Accounting Office how much the Defense Department is wasting every year. (In fiscal 1964, GAO audits uncovered DOD waste and forced correction procedures resulting in benefits estimated at $250-million.)

The Johnson legislative push has kept the lobbies busy. The American Medical Association spent nearly $1-million the first quarter of 1965, as the medicare bill gained momentum. That's $1-million gone the way of all used tongue depressors.

Meanwhile, the National Rifle Association mounted a full-fledged assault on Senator Dodd's gun curb bill. They created the impression that the legislation would restrict a citizen's constitutional right to bear arms. It wasn't true but, judging from huge numbers of letters that poured into Capitol Hill offices, they convinced many people of it.

We read the foreign affairs news every day and look for signs that the Johnson Administration is making some positive achievements. We don't find them. We're back to the old Eisenhower technique of foreign policy by reaction to crisis.

The President has given us a long agenda of domestic unfinished business in an historic series of messages to Congress. But where's the foreign agenda? Or do we just sit around waiting for another revolution to break out?

There are a few exceptions. Our revised attitude towards trade with the European satellites is one of them. But, aside from not pressing the Multilateral Nuclear Force, what are we doing to prevent the further disinte-

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gration of NATO? What new steps for Latin America? It's not enough just to hang about the fire house until someone rings the alarm box.

People are working hard here. Long hours, short weekends. Idealistic fever? We don't think so. It looks more like a plain old struggle to survive. The President thrives on hard work and expects everyone else to.

An official over at the Interior Department received a call from the White House while he was out for coffee. Not long afterwards, the same coincidence occurred. A few days later he received a present from the White House — a coffee percolator. There are many stories like that and they all add up to the fact that Mr. Johnson expects a day and a half's work for a day's pay.

"Beauty" has replaced "escalation" as the favorite word in Washington. In one page's headlines, the *Washington Post* used the word four times.

Interior Secretary Udall is doing a fine job. Unscarred forests and clean waters are as American as General Motors and beer cans. But they need people who are willing to work for them, someone to explain that the gross national product of our culture can not be measured in simply economic terms. This is what Udall and others are up to, and their efforts should be appreciated.

And now Mrs. Johnson has appointed herself the nation's chief beautician and is off to a good start. We wish her well. It was hot today and we sure would have enjoyed a swim in the Potomac this evening.

We have mentioned in the past that the federal government has been a silent partner in racial discrimination in the South, due to its reluctance to set a decent example within its own agencies. Now the Southern Regional Council points out this problem anew, regarding southern Federal courts. According to the SRC's survey there are 901 circuit court judges, district court judges, referees in bankruptcy, U.S. Attorneys, jury commissioners and U.S. Marshalls in southern states. Not one of them is a Negro. There are 158 Assistant U.S. Attorneys but only 5 are Negroes, and only 9 Negro Deputy U.S. Marshalls out of a total of 165.

The SRC concludes:

"A Negro involved in Federal court action in the South could go from the beginning of the case to the end without seeing any black faces unless they are in the court audience, or he happens to notice the man sweeping the floor."

SALTLICKHAM

Elizabeth and me went up to Lewiston to see the Clay-Liston bout and I tell you I've never seen a fight over so quick since the time Joe Wilcrook slugged the chief at the Policeman's Ball. I've learned my lesson. From here on out it's the trotting races and the New Hampshire sweepstakes for me.

What got Elizabeth upset was that she had taken her brand new Polaroid 60-second color camera up there to take some pictures and was only able to get one shot.

The summer complaints have started arriving. One lady told me, "You sure have a lot of interesting characters up here." I said, "Eyah, but most of them go home around Labor Day."

Parking places are at a premium uptown. Somebody from New Jersey left his catamaran on a trailer in front of Miller's Drug Store and drove off for a little tour. When he came back he found he'd been given a ticket for double parking.

Some professors from the state college came down here for a teach-in on Vietnam. When they were leaving town their car got stuck in a hole that had been neatly covered with bamboo shoots and leaves. Charlie Thurston came by but wouldn't pull them out

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Hugh Haynie . . .

"It's Real Easy Once You Get The Hang Of It"

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until they admitted they were appeasers. The profs huddled together and decided that strategic withdrawal from their position was the best policy. After that, Charlie escalated them out of the hole in no time.

He says it looked like the work of the Hourmen, a new paramilitary extremist group that is in the vicinity. A number of citizens have proposed that we do something about this organization, but Doc Tompkins says not to worry. He's been seeing the results of their summer maneuvers pretty regularly and predicts that unless they are willing to accept medicare he'll have them out of business by Thanksgiving.

Elizabeth went up to Boston last week and came back with a very expensive new coat. I asked what had gotten into her and she replied, "Well, you said we were going to need a new car and I thought I'd just go and spend the excise tax cut." I'm not so sure I can afford the Great Society.

—*Uncle Abner*

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM: A Peace Corps official in Latin America received the following instructions from Washington: "Accordingly, we do not authorize you to go into any further detail than you see fit" . . . The fad for restoration of houses around Washington has reached the point that a gentleman in Alexandria actually had two toilets placed in his bathroom side by side, then covered them with boards complete with appropriate holes. We suspect he is now looking around for antique copies of the Sears Roebuck catalog . . . The paperwork jungle: The House Banking and Currency Committee held 35 hearings during the 88th Congress and produced 28 committee prints. Total output: 17,123 pages . . . There's a section in the back of the *Congressional Record* where solons can extend their remarks, and often do, at considerable length. The extension of remarks entered by Congressman Burt Talcott of California the other day caught our eye because of its unusual brevity. It consisted in its entirety of the following: "Mr. TALCOTT. Mr. Speaker, professional boxing stinks" . . . A mountaineer bought some land on Cane Mountain, Tenn., back in 1950 for $800. A few months ago he received a letter from the federal government saying that he was a trespasser on government property and owed $1,717 for timber cut upon it, and had better pay in 30 days or be sued. Wilford Metcalf wrote his Congressman, James H. Quillen, for help, noting that "my whole farm ain't worth that, much less the little dab of timber that was cut." Quillen wrote the Secretary of Agriculture about this sudden federal interest in Metcalf's farm and received a reply from a functionary in the Forest Service which included the comment that "these cases are unpleasant and do not give us any personal satisfaction in our day-to-day work. Nevertheless, we are obligated to discharge our responsibility to protect the lands and resources in record ownership by the United States." With the wheels of government grinding in such a manner it is easy to understand Metcalf's request that if the President "has any poverty left over from some other places to please send it down here. It's better than us mountain folk are used to" . . . A Berkley, Calif., school principal had the gall to ask Senator Gaylord Nelson to come speak to the student body, but not without first signing a loyalty oath. The senator, of course, refused . . . Vice President Hubert Humphrey has invaded Philadelphia's most privileged sanctuary of conservatism, the Union League Club. He went up there to meet at a private luncheon with 36 business leaders. It was undoubtedly true, as the *New York Times* pointed out, that Charles G. Simpson, who arranged the session, "emphasized that the luncheon was not an official function of the league."

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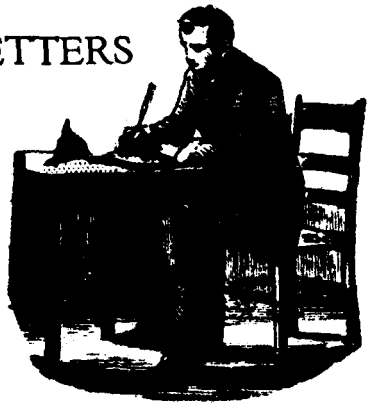
LETTERS



WILLIE

The only time you might have met Willie James Shoemaker was last April 17th, when he was one of 20,000 people protesting the war in Viet Nam. We stopped by your place on the way into town from Cambridge, parked the car on your street, and walked down to the White House to start picketing. Sorry you weren't with us. It was a beautiful day.

Up to last Sunday, Willie was one of the local staff workers here in Cambridge. He was in charge of helping Cambridge people and people living in the rural areas of Dorchester County get their government surplus food. During most of the month, Willie would walk around town helping people get "certified" at the Welfare Office to get their food, what the government was handing out that particular month. (You can say what you want about surplus food. Fact is, it keeps a lot of people from really going hungry. People without work. People with a lot of kids.)

During the two days a month when the National Guard was handing out the food, Willie would station himself at the Armory with a borrowed pick-up truck, carry boxes to cars, and deliver food to people who weren't able to get down there by themselves, like old people and sick people and mothers who were working and people without cars.

Last Sunday, Willie was stabbed to death. Right here in the office. He was 34 years old. Born in Selma, Alabama. We're burying him today, up in East Newmarket in a grave which friends of his dug for him yesterday.

If you had met Willie that spring morning in Washington, you'd have met a very black man with brown, sleepy eyes which were always half-closed, wearing a sporty hat set straight on his head, with the brim turned up all the way around. Sort of a speckled, plaid job. I'm sure he would have needed a shave. An old brown jacket with a couple of tears. Pants which were baggy and sagged, with cuffs covering his heels. When you shook hands with him, you'd have noticed his hands were very hard, but warm, like his eyes.

He used to sleep here in the office because he didn't have anywhere else. He had a glass he kept in a secret place so that he could get drinking water at a tap outside, underneath the office. When the Pine Street "Organizers" would play the Edgewood Avenue "Avengers" in softball, Willie, up to bat, would tip his hat to the fans and usually make it to first, one way or another. One day when the boos and catcalls from the fans were particularly loud, Willie stole home from first.

Karen Olson, who will soon be Karen Whitman, wonders how many times Willie was killed before he died last Sunday. Which reminds me of a conversation I had one time with a Negro minister about spiritual lynchings. Willie tried lots of times to deliver surplus food to poor white people in town, and was always baffled and hurt by their hostility. When he would pull up at their houses with their food, sometimes they would ask him to take it in through the back door. Or just leave it in the front yard or on the porch. They might have done better by Willie.

Like many of the men around here, Willie fought in Korea. That must have baffled him too, made him wonder what he was fighting for. His right and freedom to sleep on the floor

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in old clothes, to beg nickels and dimes for cigarettes or a pint of Red Rose wine? His guarantee to odd jobs now and then, if he had the courage to walk and walk, looking for work?

He wanted to go on the peace march very much. He knew why he was there, though he might not have been able to explain why in words. His reasons, though, were his clothes and his face, his eyes and his skin, the stubble of his chin with a lot of gray showing, his old army shirt with PFC stripes. But in place of regulation brass on his collar, he was wearing a SNCC button.

I got lost from the Cambridge group during the morning at the White House, and when I finally caught up with them, at the Sylvan Theater, they were gathered in one of the groves of blooming cherry trees. Most of the Cambridge people were talking among themselves, not paying much attention.

But Willie was standing and listening to the word as hard as he could, trying to bridge whatever gulf there was between him and Staughton Lynd and Senator Gruening and I. F. Stone and the rest. Which was good, because they were speaking about all the Willies of this world, and he was speaking to them. There were cherry blossoms all over him, on his hat and on his shoulders.

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The Dominican Affair - I

By L. A. Changa
Our Latin American Correspondent

Two seemingly irreconcilable points of view have dominated the debate over United States intervention in the the Dominican Republic. One asserts that any intervention is bad, period, especially this one. The other argues that intervention was the least undesirable of the few and poor alternatives left open to President Johnson by the time the crisis broke.

Both points of view have a great deal to be said for them. In a sense, both are right. However, instead of impaling ourselves on the horns of a now hypothetical dilemma, we should be asking ourselves a different question. Why did the Dominican situation deteriorate to the point that the United States had few alternatives left, and all of them bad? How can it avoid such situations in the future? These are not easy questions to answer, nor do they lend themselves to easy moralizing. The Dominican mess is not any one person's fault, so it will be especially hard to straighten out. Rather it is the product of a chain of errors and misfortunes, compounded by negligence and involving many people.

Although the American Revolution inspired every one of the hemisphere independence movements, the United States did not always act like a friendly older brother. With the increasingly rapid growth of its economy and military power, it became more and more arrogant. Perhaps the nadir was reached under President Theodore Roosevelt who publicly insulted the Latin people. Since then, there has been a slow, if irregular, improvement in relations so that today the United States has many firm friends and admirers throughout the hemisphere, even among radical democrats.

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Nevertheless, the present situation is far from satisfactory. Since its founding the United States has intervened more than ninety times in Latin America. Most of these North Americans would consider petty incidents: a gunboat on the Paraguay River; the destruction of a Nicaraguan village by a U. S. Navy vessel. Others, we all know, were not so minor. But petty or not, these memories die hard. They still rankle, sometimes more than even Latin Americans realize. Kept alive in textbooks and speeches, they are given renewed virulence by men like Sproulle Braden and John Foster Dulles, by incidents like the Bay of Pigs and the current Dominican crisis.

Ironically, contemporaneous evidence frequently indicates that the citizens of the country affected often welcome the intervention or at least concede its net result to be beneficial. But their descendents and their neighbors react with anger and shame, surprising North Americans, who have long since forgotten how the British burned the White House in 1812.

Thus it is that a vast cloud of illwill and suspicion hovers perpetually in the Latin American background, blown into the faces of North Americans by the slightest turmoil in relations with their southern brothers. Thus it is that the majority of those who should be friends and sympathizers mistrust the United States and reveal deeply rooted prejudices about its intentions in Latin America. Thus it is that they oppose OAS intervention against communism, for fear of legalizing "the big stick." One may even find devout constitutional democrats who have swallowed hook, line and sinker Lenin's theory of imperialism. At a conscious level, they are always hoping that the United States has changed, but somehow even an inspiring man like John F. Kennedy manages to disappoint them. Do North Americans have a fatal, tragic flaw? Or is life just cruel to the United States, deliberately creating situations in which the most well-intentioned president "must" practice blatant intervention?

Obviously then, the United States should go out of its way to avoid overt intervention in Latin America, whether or not morally justified in a particular case (which it is seldom is). Landing U. S. Marines is to most Latin Americans like waving a red flag at a bull. It may provoke a violent reaction. Thus the armed intervention in the Dominican Republic was a mistake, if by then an unavoidable one.

Opening the Box

Yet let no one doubt that there were dangers of massacre and Communist takeover. When Gen. Francisco Caamano Deno distributed arms to the inhabitants of Santo Domingo, he opened a Pandora's box. Like many contemporary societies, that of the Dominican Republic is long on individualism, injustice and social prejudice; short on opportunity. Among the poor, especially in the country, this leads to apathy. A great gnawing frustration is created however among the not-so-poor and the middleclasses of the urban zone. Also, thirty years of Trujillo's dictatorship have left plenty of other scores to settle. To top it all off, North Americans in the Republic, whether diplomats or private citizens, have persistently identified themselves with the few instead of the many: first

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New Republic, new, renewal, 25 issues, $3.00. Newsweek, 44 issues, $4.80, Progressive, 10 issues, $2.50. Pollocks Publishers Service, Little Silver, New Jersey.

Trujillo, then Victor Fiallo, then Donald Reid. Under the circumstances, with or without Communists, an armed and disorganized populace would be a menace. In fact of course, there were plenty of Communists fishing in troubled waters. Although it is bad manners to mention it, Dr. Castro has been running "trouble factories" in Cuba for years. Literally thousands of Latin Americans have graduated from their political leadership and guerrilla warfare training courses. One does not have to believe in an "incompetent and reactionary" C.I.A. to suspect that some of these alumni tried to take advantage of the Dominican crisis.

Ironically, Gen. Elias Wessin y Wessin overthrew Pres. Juan Bosch "to save" the Dominican Republic from Communism. Bosch was at first

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criticized for his "J. Edgar Hoover" type policy towards the Communists. Then his enemies asserted that he should do more, with less justification, than had Pres. Romulo Betancourt in Venezuela. Finally Bosch himself was accused of being a Communist. After Bosch's downfall, the Communists attempted to establish a guerrilla movement, but were crushed by the army. Under Reid, they went in for overseas training and underground organization. When Wessin et al overthrew Reid, they obtained arms. Thus today, after two Wessin coups, they have leaders, organization, arms and, temporarily at least, territory. However, we can also say that if Bosch had been as skillful a politician as Betancourt, if the United States had not welcomed Bosch's overthrow, if Reid had managed the economy better, if the price of sugar had not gone down during his administration, if Wessin and Caamano had negotiated their differences, or if Caamano had not armed everyone in sight, things might have been different.

Above all we can point the finger collectively at the democratic leaders of the hemisphere. During all the years of the Trujillo dictatorship, they did nothing to help the Dominican exiles prepare for the day of the Benefactor's downfall. Puerto Rico's Popular Democratic Party did provide training for members of Bosch's party while he was in office; but with his overthrow, nothing more was done by anyone. Once again the democracies trusted to luck that the right man would rise at the right moment. Once again the Communists threatened to win out by superior leadership, organization and planning, all the result of deliberate effort. Only now may the democratic forces in the Dominican Republic get the help they need, after the United States has wasted a great deal of time, money, lives and prestige.

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TURN TO PAGE 20

The Dominican Affair-II

By Ray Kraus
Our Correspondent

SANTO DOMINGO

The Dominican Republic is an unfortunate country. In the best of times, many of its people have had to be fed by the government and warmed by the sun. Public office has been thought of as a genteel way for the middle class to steal, grow rich and rise to join one of the world's shoddiest upper classes. The primary function of impoverished Dominicans has been to stay that way and so prevent a "servant problem."

The Dominicans are too poor to have serious foreign enemies so the Republic's navy hardly exists. But the Republic needs a strong Army and Air Force to keep order because the Republic's enemies are its own people.

When the revolution broke out at the end of April, U.S. Ambassador Tapley Bennett decided that it was a Red plot to enslave yet another land and called for the Marines. More than 20,000 troops responded.

Dominicans had difficulty understanding Ambassador Bennett's concern. Unlike the Amassador they:

—Suffered under the understandable delusion that they were already enslaved;

—Could not comprehend how they could lose any more personal liberty since meaningful freedom of speech, press, and assembly did not exist prior to the revolution; and

—Recognized that their President, Colonel Caamano, had a right-wing, not left-wing, background and that he was elected by the remains of a Congress whose members were chosen when Communists were suppressed.

Did it really astound Americans with even a nodding familiarity with our Revolutionary and Civil Wars

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that there were "radicals" on the rebel side? One must choose sides in a rebellion and nobody could possibly expect radicals in the traditional Western sense to be on the side of military junta.

The best available evidence is that the rebellion began as a good old-fashion Latin American power play between the Army (which thought it was being strangled slowly by the Air Force) and the Air Force, which was in fact, quite successfully strangling the Army. To gain popular support, rebellious Army officers announced that they favored a restoration of the country's first popularly-elected government, which had been overthrown by the military (including Col. Caamano) in 1963.

What was supposed to be a nice, clean, ordinary military coup suddenly turned into a genuinely popular revolt, because the Dominican people were sick of military rule and sick of military scandals so flagrant their existence even spilled over into the controlled press.

Were there Communists in the constitutional forces? Of course there were, but even the zealously list-minded CIA failed to identify a single Communist in a position of authority within the rebel movement at the time the U.S. intervention occurred.

How long this lack of Red influence would last became open to question as the United States committed blunder after blunder and antagonized idealistic students and intellectuals whose patron saint was John F. Kennedy (one of the rebel command units is named after the late President and he appears to be held in greater esteem than any present or past Dominican leader, including the leaden-tongued Juan Duarte, the Republic's George Washington.)

The catalogue of the U.S. blunders starts with the activities of the Voice of America, which set up transmitters in Santo Domingo at the beginning of the revolt and proceeded to broadcast falsehoods about rebel activities. One example: that wild, uncontrolled looting the VOA deplored never took place. Santo Domingo's main business district along Calle Conde was untouched. The rebels were eating spam, aging chicken and rice rather than touch the vast, private food storehouses within the central city. There was, of course, some looting during the wild melee of the revolution's first days — and more than 20 looters ended up in rebel prisons.

But the VOA said there was uncontrolled looting, and Dominicans with even 20-60 vision knew it was a lie. They were shocked, because the VOA had a reputation for telling the truth. Now they believed that the VOA had lied deliberately or with inexcusable carelessness which amounted to deliberation. Who told the truth about rebel activities? Radio Havana. Soon the rebels were listening to Radio Havana and believing its at least more subtle distortions.

The United States sent in a contingent of marines to "protect" and evacuate American citizens. It was a splendid idea, but there was one difficulty. The Dominicans, until recently at least, respected Americans. They were rebelling against the Dominican military, not the United States. And there was not one single reported incident in which Americans claimed to be injured by the rebels prior to the landing of the Marines.

Both Ambassador Bennett and President Johnson have made the *ex post facto* suggestion that troops were sent in because Americans seeking refuge in the plush Hotel Ambassador were "threatened" by rebel bands. But assuming — and there is no evidence for this — that the threats were real rather than incidental signs of animosity towards wealthy, comfortable non-combatants, there was a much simpler remedy than calling in the U.S. Marine Corps. The fighting did not extend significantly beyond Santo Domingo's city limits and Americans and other foreigners could easily have been transported 10 or 20 miles to the west of the city where they would have been beyond

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the threat—real or imagined—from any roving rebel bands.

The American troops were not in the Dominican Republic to take sides; they were there as "impartial" protectors of foreign life and property. So "impartial" in fact that U.S. forces first fought their way through rebel lines to the American Embassy (which couldn't possibly function anywhere else but in the middle of the capital during the height of a civil war) and then proceeded to establish an international "corridor" to — of all places — the junta's military center, San Isidro Air Base. Why this "corridor" was needed to protect foreign nationals (who were being evacuated at the opposite end of the city) has never been explained. The only logical explanation is that the United States was so frightened by the unknown hazards of constitutional government that it made the military decision to (1) save the crumbling junta forces at San Isidro and 2) cut the rebel forces in half.

Of course, Ambassador Bennet and General Palmer assured the world the corridor that pumped oxygen to the shattered junta forces served no military purpose and did not constitute intervention on the junta's side. This fabrication was rudely shattered when the American troops cheerfully waved armed junta troops through the corridor but refused to permit armed rebels to pass through. "Against orders," explained General Palmer. If this was against orders, we should be prepared for a splendid parade of military courts martial when the Dominican unpleasantness has ended.

General Palmer's orders appear to have been so foggy or his chain of command so lax that it was very simple to ride with an armed Dominican junta officer through and into the international safety zone.

Was it your understanding that American troops halted rebels attempting to enter the "safety" zone only if they are armed? Wrong again. Dominican males get stripped to the waist by American troops to determine whether the would-be entrants bore a tell-tale rifle sling bruise. If the bruised passed, they were arrested and, apparently, turned over to the junta. The rebels claim that the same thing has happened to several members of the Bosch Congress who thought the "Safety Zone" was really safe.

What happened to those rebels who are turned over to junta forces? La Victoria prison sits approximately 30 kilometers from Santa Domingo. The rebels thought their partisans were tortured there — a charge which is understandable when one considers the past excesses of the Dominican military. A young junta officer, asked why the air outside the prison was filled with the cries of humans in agony, replied softly that there was a reason. Of course, it would be presumptuous to expect the "international safety zone" to include La Victoria.

Nobody seriously doubts that the vast majority of the Dominican rebels are deeply committed to constitutional government. Nobody doubts that the Constitutionalists would win overwhelmingly any free, nation-wide election. But if the present stalemate continues, if American troops continue to deprive Constitutional government of another chance to succeed or fail by itself, the Communists — who may already have a foothold in at least a portion of the rebel press — will come to power, if not tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, waving the flag of a bloody, indecent, uncalled for repression of democratic idealism.

Our government, following the disorder of the first month and thanks largely to the prodding of a diligent press, started moving slowly in the right direction. It should go farther.

Generals Imbert, Wessin y Wessin and the like should be returned to pasture. As one of the most respected Latin American statesman put it: "These military men earn their pay for the first time in their lives when they accept exile with full salary." We should recognize (and assist) the existing constitutional government;

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Imbert: Not Earning the Pay

this may well itself cause the junta forces to collapse and, if not, we can gently promote this goal by stopping the payment of their salaries with American aid money. U.S. and other OAS troops should remain in at least token numbers until the constitutional government is strong enough to protect itself against subversion and free elections have been held under inter-American auspices.

One Bay of Pigs each decade is enough.

The Dominican Affair-III

By Peter Jay

In the months before the April 19 revolution, the Dominican Republic was grim and lifeless. While ex-car dealer Donald Reid Cabral tried unsuccessfully to check the country's rapid decline with an unpopular austerity program that eventually triggered the coup that removed him, the city of Santo Domingo sat sullen and quiet.

Of the lavish tourist hotels built by Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina, only the Embajador continued to operate. The Jaragua, with it's palm-shaded grounds across Avenida George Washington from the sea, was shuttered tight. "For remodeling," a gatekeeper said.

Out at Boca Chica, to the east of the capital, the Hamaca had weeds growing through cracks in the concrete driveway. An old sign on a white wall, with white letters fading in the sun, said "Viva Juan Bosch!"

Boca Chica has one of the few beautiful beaches on the south coast, which is mostly coral; last September, dump trucks were hauling the soft white sand away. "For concrete," a driver said; but there was no construction visible.

Now the revolution has come, and the country is motionless in a bitter stalemate. Twenty Americans have died; so also, with less fanfare, have 2500 Dominicans. In Santo Domingo, the revolution has brought changes.

For one thing, the Jaragua has opened, as has the Hispaniola. While this reporter was in Santo Domingo for a few days at the end of May, the two big hotels were full of troops.

Jeeps and trucks lined the driveway of the Jaragua, and olive drab mobile generators hammered in the rain. The grounds were muddy and full of tents; sentries guarded the gates. The Hispaniola was the divisional headquarters of the Marines.

In the days of Reid Cabral, the Embajador was fully staffed and nearly empty of guests; arrivals could choose freely between rooms on the front — "ocean view" — and on the back — "mountain view." Since the revolution, the huge sterile building has been filled with troops, reporters and at least a semblance of life. The water is back on — one of the few notable accomplishments of the OAS — and so is the air conditioning. In the dining room the napkins are starched but the rug is ruined from the tramping of many boots, and a ham

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Hugh Haynie . . .

"Oh, I'm Just Here As The Referee"

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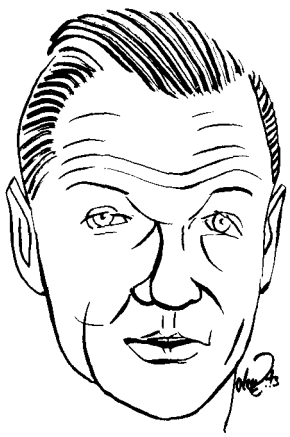

Cabral: Full Staffs and Empty Rooms

sandwich costs $1.10. Outside, files of taxis wait, perhaps to make the $10 trip to the airport, and a Haitian couple sell fried bananas from under a filthy tin shack.

There are changes downtown, too. Passing the rolls of barbed wire — do they order it by the mile or by the ton? — and the wet bored Marines frisking submissive Dominicans in the rain, the pedestrian comes to what is called the "rebel zone." Here, the people who have made this war so painful are holding out, in a brave stubborn defense of the constitution of 1963. Pinned in the "rebel zone", a tiny square between the Americans (on two sides), the Ozama River and the sea, the constitutionalists are waiting out the seige.

Armed sentries, often barefoot, stand guard in the streets. Although the nights are frequently broken by shots, the days are quiet. Along the Calle Conde, the big glass-fronted stores are closed; despite the accusations of the USIA, there is no evidence of looting.

In the central square, the Parave Independencia, there are trenches and gun emplacements, and a large tank squats solidly in a little garden. On the southeast corner of the square, a vehicle repair center has been set up; ailing Land Rovers, carrying machine guns and sandbags, await attention.

Food is short in the downtown sector. Guests in the Hotel Commercial, now a barracks and the seat of the constitutionalists' Congress, eat beans and rice in a house down the street. The hotel dining room has been pressed into service as a meeting place for the Congress.

Who are these people, with their Congress and their vehicles marked PUEBLO, living so austerely in their surrounded city? Who are these "rebels", who snipe at American Marines and refuse to accept the leadership of Antonio Imbert Barreras? Why do they fight? Who leads them? Are they, in fact, Communists?

The rebels are people like Alfonso Vasquez, who is twenty-three years old and has two sisters living in New York. Before the fighting began, he worked for an accounting firm and studied business at night; now he is attached to a constitutionalist command unit, and carries a rifle on patrol through the blacked-out and empty streets.

"I'm not a Communist," Vasquez says. "I don't believe in Communism. I don't belong to any political party. But I believe in freedom, and democracy; the things you have in your country. These are the things I care about, and I will fight to get them here.

"I don't care about politics. I don't want to talk politics all the time; I don't want to think politics. I want to talk about books, and music, and history. But I can't, until we have a free government here. Can you understand that?"

But Vasquez is a young man, a student. Perhaps he has let his idealism sweep him away.

Another "rebel" is Francisco Villarica. He is a civil engineer in his mid-thirties, of an upper middle class background a few notches above that of Vasquez.

"I began my career under Trujillo," says Villarica. "There was nothing here then but frustration, and no one dared speak out. But then he was killed, and we went through Balaguer

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and Bonnelly to get to Juan Bosch. And we *elected* him. We *elected* Bosch.

"For a few months there was great hope here, in this country that had never known hope before. We had an elected government, and we knew we had the support and friendship of the United States. Projects were starting here; I worked on a new dam. And then the generals threw out Bosch."

Villarica is an intelligent man, but he is bewildered by the actions of the United States. He knows that Washington did not approve of the coup that ousted Bosch, for President Kennedy broke relations with the Dominican Republic immediately afterwards. But the strange twistings of American policy that followed the death of Kennedy have baffled him, and now that U.S. troops are occupying his country for the first time in his lifetime, he knows he may have to shoot at them.

Still another "rebel" is Miguel San Martin. He is a lawyer from the northern part of the country, and when the revolution began he left his wife and family to come to the capital. A big man, he carries a rifle lightly. He is close to the government headed by Col. Francisco Caamano Deno, but not part of it.

"Look," he says. "We all know your country has a working democracy, and that your people live free lives. But why in the name of God can't you let us have our own elected government? Are you so scared of Communism you think no free government can resist it? What about your own government? Do you think we are fools? Of course there are Communists here; they are usually silly weak people who talk too much. We know what Communism is, and we'll die fighting it if we have to, just as we'll die fighting you if you don't stop your interference in our country's affairs."

These three men — their names have been changed — are representative of the constitutional forces in Santo Domingo. There are others too, labor leaders, merchants and rich landowners, but they all have two things in common: a belief in the Dominican constitution of 1963, and a willingness to die for it.

And while the rain pours down on the piles of garbage that line the streets, while the diplomats search for a path to a compromise and the three-nation OAS patrols ride through the "free zone" in American jeeps, these men and women will continue to stand firm. They have a lot of ammunition left, and they are not afraid to use it; they are fighting for their country's right to choose its own leaders and its own system of government, and it does not now appear that they are willing to settle for very much less.

ON TRUTH IN PACKAGING

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Selling peanuts by the peck;
They did not move quite as they ought
And so he switched to seven-quart
Super-Giant-Family Size
Bags he thought would please all eyes,
Sold for twenty-one cents more
Or two for just $1.04.

Then to sell his goods still quicker
Added to his line a slicker
Package that was nine quarts large,
And for this product he did charge
Twice the price billed for the one
With which his selling had begun.

The boy stood on the burning ship;
A salty taste had crossed his lip.
That ain't the nuts, he started thinking,
That's water and this ship is sinking.
He gathered up his bags and then
Withdrew his red felt marking pen;
And as he slipped into the trough,
He marked each bag "NOW TEN CENTS OFF!"

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THE IDLER'S JOURNAL

August 4th marks the 175th birthday of the United States Coast Guard. Your editor spent three and a half years in the Coast Guard and what follows is a personal account of this interesting and little known service and of one of its ships:

In the Coast Guard it is easy to feel a forgotten orphan of the U.S. Government, particularly if one is stationed at a lighthouse built in the early 19th century, a lightship launched in 1906, or one of service's "modern" large cutters, constructed during World War II. Until very recently, the Coast Guard operated on the premise that Congress's appropriations committees were unaware of its existence and took almost perverse pride in its ability to cope with the situation. "In our obscurity lies our security" was its sardonic unofficial motto.

As a result of the Coast Guard's modest size (about 32,000 officers and men — a little larger than the New York City police force) and general inconspicuousness, misconceptions about the service are frequent.

For example, despite the impression given by its name and despite the old Navy gibe that all coast guardsmen must be six feet tall so they can wade home if their ship sinks, the Coast Guard's duties take it thousands of miles from the U.S. mainland.

It has vessels stationed at locations across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. These ocean stations are patrolled for the purposes of giving navigational aid to transoceanic aircraft, collecting weather and oceanographic data, and being on hand near the major traffic routes in case of trouble. The ocean station vessels are at sea for weeks at a time, providing information to thousands of passing planes. They are prepared to guide a disabled plane in for a crash landing at sea or to steam to the assistance of a distressed ship.

Duty at Ocean Station Charlie or any of the other patches of sea patrolled by OSV's has much in common with many Coast Guard assignments—long periods of lonely monotony broken only by a search and rescue case, a storm, or — more pleasantly — by the appearance of the relieving vessel on station.

Far from the coast of the U.S. also are those strange places around the world in which the service has established Loran stations that transmit electronic signals easily convertable by ships and planes into navigational information. One of the most notorious of these stations has the romantic name of French Frigate Shoals. The name is the only thing romantic about the spot. It is a treeless, Godforsaken rock in the middle of the Pacific where a small group of coast guardsmen are isolated for months at a time sending out their precise signals for the benefit of passing craft. Here, the days and months do not matter — only the microseconds.

Then there are the lightships, wallowing days on end in a coastal sea, flashing luminous advice to those within range of visibility. (The men on these vessels occasionally have excitement: lightships have been sunk in hurricanes and rammed by fogbound liners homing in on their radio signals.)

And there are the lighthouses stuck out at the end of some forgotten point of land or atop a surf-engulfed rock, manned by three or four coast guardsmen playing their 126th game of pinochle of the month.

There are, of course, many more attractive assignments. The lifeboat stations. The buoy tenders. The coastal patrol craft. The depots and bases. The air stations. The district offices

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with their desk jobs and air-conditioned search and rescue centers. The merchant marine inspection offices, which supervise the safety of American merchant vessels from blueprint through decommissioning and which investigate maritime accidents. And the boarding teams that inspect thousand of pleasure craft each year in an effort, often seemingly futile, to encourage safety on the water.

And there are the curious odds and ends. Like protection of walruses and enforcement of the Sockeye Salmon Treaty, both statutory responsibilities of the Coast Guard.

The Coast Guard, however, began with none of these tasks in mind. It was created by Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, to put teeth into his program of protective tariffs and to help create financial stability in a shaky new nation burdened by some 70-million dollars in war debts. The Revenue Marine (as it was then called) was organized as a small fleet of ten cutters and in the 1790's proved encouragingly capable of accomplishing Hamilton's goal of arresting smuggling along our coast.

Although succeeding years have taken the Coast Guard far away from concentration on such duties, it remains, in peacetime, a branch of the Treasury Department and its officers still swear to uphold not only the Constitution but the customs laws of the United States as well.

In his first orders to the new service, Mr. Hamilton gave a succinct and lucid account of what a government should expect of its law enforcement officers:

"While I recommend in the strongest terms to the respective officers, activity, vigilence, and firmness, I feel no less solicitude that their deportment may be marked with prudence, moderation and good temper. Upon these last qualities, not less than the former, must depend the success, usefulness and consequently continuance of the establishment in which they are included. They cannot be insensible that there are some prepossessions against it, that the charge with which they are entrusted is a delicate one, and that it is easy by mis-management to produce serious and extensive clamour, disgust and alarm.

"They will keep in mind that their countrymen are freemen, and, as such, are impatient of everything that bears the least mark of domineering spirit. They will, therefore, refrain, with the most guarded circumspection, from whatever has the semblance of haughtiness, rudeness, or insult. If obstacles occur, they will remember that they are under the particular protection of the laws and that they can meet with nothing disagreeable in the execution of their duty which these will not severely reprehend. This reflection, and a regard to the good of the service, will prevent at all times a spirit of irritation or resentment. They will endeavor to overcome difficulties, if any are experienced, by a cool and temperate perseverance in their duty — by address and moderation, rather than by vehemence or violence. The former style of conduct will recommend them to the particular approbation of the President of the United States, while the reverse of it — even a single instance of outrage or intemperate or improper treatment of any person with whom they have anything to do, in the course of their duty — will meet with his pointed displeasure, and will be attended with correspondent consequences.

". . . And that all may be apprized of what is expected you will communicate this part of your orders, particularly, to all your officers, and you will inculcate upon your men a correspondent disposition."

The continuing timeliness of Hamilton's instructions leads them to be included even today in the front of the Coast Guard's boarding manual. They would also make excellent reading for every state trooper and city policeman throughout the country.

For nearly eight years, Hamilton's fleet was America's only navy. Following the organization of the U.S. Navy in 1798, the Revenue Marine was temporarily placed under the orders of the Navy Secretary Benjamin

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Stoddert and got its first taste of military combat in battles with French privateers just before the turn of the century. In every war since that time, the Coast Guard has served alongside the Navy.

In World War I the Coast Guard suffered the highest percentage of losses of any of the services, including the sinking of the cutter *Tampa* with 115 lives lost after she had safely brought a convoy into Gibralter.

In World War II, the Navy used the Coast Guard's surf boat skills in handling landing craft. The Coast Guard also engaged in anti-submarine warfare and convoy duty. And on D-Day, 83-foot patrol craft, forerunners of vessels recently assigned to Vietnam duty and of those that have assisted hundreds of Cuban refugees, rescued 1500 persons from the sea.

The peacetime history of the Coast Guard is not well told by statistics, although its annual report lists thousands of lives saved and hundreds of m llions of dollars of property salvaged. The peacetime history is filled with stories for long winter nights, stories like that of Ida Lewis, keeper — like her father before her — of the lighthouse on Lime Rock in Newport, R. I., harbor. Ida Lewis lived on that rock for more than a half-century and in the course of her vigil saved 23 persons from drowning. Once she rescued three men whose boat had been swamped as they tried to save a sheep that was in the water; then she went and rescued the sheep.

Her activities brought President Grant and Vice President Colfax to the rock in 1869. Upon landing, the President got his feet wet and he remarked, "I have come to see Ida Lewis and to see her I'd get wet up to my armpits if necessary."

Ida Lewis' last rescue took place at the age of 64, when she shoved the heavy old wooden lifeboat into the water one more time and rowed out to save a friend who had fallen overboard while on her way to visit the rock.

A few years later Ida Lewis wrote: *"I've got to paint the whole house inside, this year. That's government work, so I do it myself. My brother— I let him do the outside work, because I'm getting old I guess, and I really can't handle a boat like I used to.*

"Sometimes the spray dashes against these windows so thick I can't see out, and for days at a time the waves are so high that no boat would dare come near the rock, not even if we were starving. But I am happy. There's peace on this rock that you don't get on shore. There are hundreds of boats going in and out of this harbor in summer, and it's part of my happiness to know they are depending on me to guide them safely."

Ida Lewis died on October 24, 1911, and every craft in Newport Harbor tolled its bell that night in memory of a woman who had lived so long in the tradition of the lifesaving service: "You have to go out; you don't have to come back."

During the years that Ida Lewis kept her watch, thousands of miles away, in Alaskan water, another Coast Guard legend was growing. The cutter *Bear* was plugging along through 41 years of the Bering Sea Patrol. This vessel, which acted as a floating court for the Justice Department, mailman for the Post Office, and hospital for the Public Health Service, accomplished one of her most extraordinary feats in the winter of 1897-98. The *Bear* went to the aid of whaling ships frozen in near Point Barrow. After sailing as far as possible, a party from the *Bear* mushed nearly 2000 miles across the ice, driving a herd of 400 reindeer ahead of it for food. Reaching the stranded whalers in late March, the *Bear's* crew maintained order and staved off starvation until the cutter could reach them four months later when the ice broke up.

Though built in 1874 she lasted through the first half of the 20th Century carrying Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic and seeing service in World War II. Her end did not come until 1963 when, as a derelict, she sank under tow in the North Atlantic.

Today, the Coast Guard is still involved in frozen waters. Her icebreak-

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ers make regular runs to Arctic and Antarctic posts. And the International Ice Patrol, started after the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912, keeps track of the 400-odd icebergs that drift into the steamer lines each year. Only one ship has been lost due to collision with an iceberg since the *Titanic* disaster and that a British ship sunk during World War II while the patrol was temporarily suspended.

One of the most trying periods for the Coast Guard was the Prohibition era. Rum-runners and federal officers matched wits in an endless game of cat-and-mouse. Sometimes enforcing the unenforcable was made easy, as in the case of the rum-runner whose presence was given away in a deep fog by the moaning of a seasick cow being carried to a mother ship in international waters.

But more often it was much harder. In one instance, a small patrol craft under the command of an ensign hauled up alongside a rum-runner. As Malcolm Willoughby described it in *Rum War at Sea*, Ensign Duke:

". . . called for the "Greypoint" to heave to, but she plowed on defiantly . . . CG-2327, poking her nose into every wave, raised showers of spray . . . Ensign Duke plunged on until he was opposite the freighter's bow, where he fired two warning shots from his revolver to no avail. The ensign, soaking wet, stood up at the bow while the steersman drew close to the vessel; then he reached out, grabbed the freighter's rail, and swung on board.

"Ensign Duke did not know how many men or weapons he would face, but he knew his own defenseless position with only a flashlight, and three bullets left in his revolver. From 'Greypoint's' deck, in a grand exhibition of bravado, he called to those in the small boat saying 'If I'm not out of that pilot house in two minutes you turn the machine gun on them.' There was none.

"In the light of his flashlight he groped his way to the deckhouse. There he was stopped by a burly seaman whom he cracked on the head with his revolver butt. He then went up the ladder to the pilot house swinging his flashlight on six men huddled in corners. Finding the master, Duke put his revolver to his ribs, asking why the ship reeked of alcohol. He ordered the master to reverse the engines and turn the vessel about, but the captain refused. The ensign then turned the ship about himself running her aground on Robbins Reef in 50 feet of water."

The ensign's cutter went for help while the young officer kept 22 prisoners and the wanted ship under guard.

Today such dramatics are rare in the work of the Coast Guard. Even the risky task of rescue at sea has been tamed by technological developments.

In New York, a computer keeps track of hundreds of ship positions across the Atlantic. Should a vessel become distressed or a seaman break a leg, the AMVER computer tells within minutes the location of the nearest ships and whether they have medical facilities aboard. Aid can then be quickly summoned.

This program, voluntarily supported by daily information from the merchant ships of many nations, is an extension into the push-button age of the tradition of mutual cooperation among mariners.

Ida Lewis' life boat has been replaced by powerful self-righting craft that can be sent out in the worst weather. And helicopters are handling many of the jobs formerly given ships, including the towing of small craft. Lighthouses are becoming unmanned automatic structures, and lightships, many of them more than a half-century old, are being replaced by permanent towers with brilliant lights and copter landing pads.

Coast Guard appropriations have jumped considerably recently and streamlined, efficient cutters are slowly coming into service to replace tired and rusting veterans of past decades.

Still, the Coast Guard remains among government agencies one of the last refuges of the unautomated man. The sea scorns man's most modern

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inventions It laughs at operations plans and organizational charts. It seems always determined to force men to fight it with their bare hands.

The sea is a teacher of humility, an enforcer of respect, a revealer of fraud. It is indifferent to paper distinctions between men, without regard for fine words, and contemptuous of the niceties of society.

Men who live with the sea will probably always be a bit different and those who go to sea in ships and boats as small as the Coast Guard's especially so.

The Coast Guard is sometimes called the Hooligan Navy. It is not a totally unfair term. In matters of military etiquette and discipline, the coast guardsman often falls short of the requirements of the book.

It is the sea and the jobs to be done upon it that provide the real discipline in the Coast Guard. This is tacitly recognized by many of those in command. A man's worth is based upon his ability to work well under the most uncomfortable, dangerous or trying conditions. The service, many of whose units are manned solely by enlisted personnel operating with only sporadic direction from their commissioned superiors, has a requirement for skill, responsibility, initiative, and judgment from even the lowest non-rated man.

With its units widely scattered and comprising only a small number of men each, the service must rely upon its petty officers-in-charge and its commissioned CO's to carry out their jobs with very little direct supervision, even when the tasks become tiresome, unpleasant and dangerous.

This dispersal of responsibility creates a healthy atmosphere of self-reliance and initiative which has brought forth a hard core of capable, independent-minded and professional enlisted men and officers. When things do go awry (particularly when they occur on liberty and do not effect the work of the service) there is a tendency towards leniency. The Coast Guard has the lowest court martial rate of any of the services.

But the Coast Guard's more relaxed attitude towards matters of military discipline has not resulted in operational laxness but rather in a clear refutation of the theory that the military must kill the spirit and independence of a man in order to get the most out of him.

The cutter *Spar*, upon which I served as operations officer and navigator during part of my active duty tour, is a fairly typical Coast Guard ship. Her homeport is Bristol, R. I., on Narragansett Bay. The Narragansett stretches deep into what there is of Rhode Island. Narrow channels lead tankers, freighters and smaller craft to Providence and Fall River. Large Conanicut Island divides the Bay into an east and west passage. At the entrance of the East Passage, with its ornate homes posing before an unimpressed sea and sky, is the southern limit of Newport.

A little further up the bay is a U. S. Naval Station with its herd of destroyers waiting impatiently to be released to the blue pasture beyond Brenton Tower. Still further, coming right to 035° True at Castle Island Light, is Bristol.

Today Bristol gives the world rubber soled shoes, golf balls, and fiberglass sailboats. For many years though, its mark was more noteworthy as the magnificent craft of Nathanael Herreshoff, including some of the most majestic of the America's Cup defenders, slid off the ways of his Bristol yard.

The cutter *Spar*, upon which I for most of its 21 years. In 1957 she circumnavigated the North American continent, making the first deep draft voyage through the Northwest Passage in the company of two other Coast Guard cutters. Several years later, while replacing ice-driven buoys in the Bay, she struck a rock. The crew lowered away her two power boats and used them to help the stricken ship, in sub-freezing temperatures, to a sand bar, where she settled to the level of the main deck. One of

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the men who served with me had been aboard at the time and had just that day reported from boot camp. I asked him what had happened. "Well," he said, "I was sitting on the mess deck and someone told me the ship was sinking. I thought it was some sort of drill or something." Subsequent repairs have made the ship whole again.

The *Spar* is 180 feet long with a black hull and white superstructure, a stubby, slow yet hardy ship. Her main task is to maintain buoys from Block Island to Buzzards Bay. She is equipped to break ice. Her rugged construction and towing ability make her an excellent heavy-weather search & rescue craft. She is also frequently used to bring fuel and water to the Nantucket Light Vessel and to the several lighthouses in the vicinity.

Buoys are unassuming objects that inspire little reflection even by the mariner who relies upon them daily. But to the crew of a buoy tender, a buoy is an animate creature with its own will and perversity. There is much that can go wrong with a buoy.

It may, perhaps, be off station. Bringing a buoy on station is a precise business. A pair of sextants, held horizontally, is used to con the ship into position, measuring the angles between three shore objects. Working on a geometric principle a high school teacher had once promised this unbelieving pupil would be useful one day, the angles between the three objcts are calculated.

Alternating, the angle-takers cry out their reports: "76-degrees, 13 minutes on the left—uncorrecting. . . . ." "82 degrees, 52 minutes on the right, correcting. . ." An officer or quartermaster stands on the wing of the bridge with a chart and three-arm protractor and keeps up with the position of the ship. As the protractor plots over the appropriate black dot of the chart, he informs the conning officer: "We're on."

The conning officer cries to the chief on the buoy deck, "Let her go!" A seaman swings a mallet to the chain stopper. Twelve tons of sinker and buoy are released and with a splash return to the water. A final check is made on the angles and the ship backs away.

But other things affect buoys besides wanderlust. The pockets that hold the light batteries may leak water, shorting the electrical system. The batteries may discharge sooner than expected. The flashing device may be defective. All four bulbs in the automatic lamp changer may be burned out. A clapper may be off a bell. A light may be burning steadily instead of flashing its proper characteristic. Bird droppings may obscure the lens. Or the buoy may simply be scheduled for replacement or servicing.

Working a buoy is as subject to variables as the buoys themselves. This can mean danger to the ship. The Aids to Navigation manual blandly states that the buoy tender skipper is often called upon to go "where no ordinarily prudent navigator would take his ship." A prudent navigator doesn't let his ship get within a hundred feet of a rock that could slice its hull. A tender skipper, in order to service the buoy marking the rock is called upon to do just that. Under such conditions the standards of prudence become somewhat distorted.

Brenton Point Lighted Whistle Buoy #2 didn't pose this problem. She was a large buoy in Rhode Island Sound near the entrance to Narragansett Bay, in plenty of deep warter. On a Friday in February, she was scheduled to be serviced.

It was a good day for tending buoys. Not too cold and not too rough. If your specialty was repairing lanterns you would appreciate the fact. You could remember a night deep in that same winter when you had climbed aboard an ice-covered buoy that was careening carelessly against the side of the ship. You could remember mounting fifteen feet of slippery cage to the lantern, almost losing your grip every time you inched higher. And you could remember sitting atop that rocking pinnacle trying to rewire a lamp-changer while the winter wind

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tore at your bare finger. You hurled obscenities at the wind but it didn't make you any warmer. Your memories made you glad for a day like this.

The officer on the port wing of the bridge could see the buoy a hundred yards ahead.

"God damn current's setting me down too fast."

The buoy approached almost imperceptibly as the ship edged forward. It rolled gently in the slight swell and every four seconds a weak red flash came from its light.

The officer shoved the stick beside him forward and called to the helmsman inside the wheelhouse, "Increase to right full." The helmsman spun the wheel.

There was a groan from somewhere deep inside the ship as the diesel engines responded to the thrust of the throttle and released their full energy. The officer returned the stick to a vertical position and the groan ceased.

There was no surge of speed when the lever moved forward. The ship continued to creep towards the buoy, but the engines and the rudder had combined to turn her bow to starboard.

The buoy was off the port bow now.

"Shift your rudder."

The turning of the bow was checked. Down on the buoy deck, below and forward of the bridge, a small group of men in safety helmets and dungarees watched the buoy. Over their heads a large buff-painted boom hung in wait.

"Ease your rudder."

The buoy was close and the officer shoved the lever aft.

This time there was the groan and more. The whole ship shook in protest as the engines tried to stop the forward momentum of 1000 tons of steel moving through the water.

The buoy struck the side of the ship and started scraping its way aft. Before it had traveled more than half the way down the buoy port its motion was checked. The officer returned the lever.

The roll of the ship and the roll of the buoy didn't coincide, but the men on the buoy deck anticipated the erratic movement. A wire strap was led through the cage of the buoy and back to the hook that hung from the boom. The chief in charge on the buoy deck held up his hand. The electric boom motor started to spin, the boom cable became taut, pulling at the strap.

Up on the bridge a second officer was plotting the position of the buoy.

"She's two hundred yards north of station, Captain."

"Very well," the Captain replied, without lifting his eyes from the operation below. A half-dozen men were trying to bring a twelve ton buoy aboard a rolling deck and there were a half-dozen things that could go wrong. Only last week the nylon cross-deck had suddenly snapped with the crack of a rifle. The men tending the lines were thrown to the deck. Others nearby ducked and headed for what protection they could find. The buoy had swept a path across the deck. "Drop it," the chief had yelled and the boom operator had let the buoy crash to the steel surface. Fortunately it had been a calm day and no one was injured. But it had been a sharp reminder that things can go wrong without warning.

This day, however, the buoy came aboard smoothly. As it arose from the water a large cylindrical body was revealed, coated with mussels and green slime. And extending down from the body there was a long tube that counterbalanced the upper portion of the buoy when it sat in the water.

Light, cage, body, and tube were dragged aboard, restrained by the boom and the cross-deck line. For a few seconds the huge buoy hung suspended, but the moment the chief could see that the chock was properly placed underneath the giant it was quickly lowered to the deck and secured.

The helmeted men set about the familiar routine, scraping the body and tube of its marine growth, checking the lantern, replacing the long

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black batteries that rested in two pockets in the body.

The buoy chain rested with one of its links securely slipped into a chain stopper on the edge of the buoy deck.

Now the chain would be hauled and checked and then the whole buoy would be replaced, refreshed and properly positioned, on its station in Rhode Island Sound.

That afternoon, back at Bristol, liberty was granted to the crew. A storm had made up out of the northeast and already the wind was blowing 45 knots and predicted to get worse.

The *Spar* had been placed on standby. I cancelled plans to go to a party in Providence and instead had dinner at the Lobster Pot in Bristol, first leaving the phone number with the quartermaster of the watch.

About 10:30, a message, operational immediate, arrived at the *Spar* from Commander, First Coast Guard District, telling of a fishing vessel in distress 150 miles southeast of Cape Cod. There was a description, a loran fix and orders to "proceed and assist."

A waitress at the Lobster Pot came over and told me the crew was being recalled. I paid the check and returned to the ship.

Bill Miller, Quartermaster First Class, was already up in the chart room plotting a course. "It's going to take 18 hours to get to her," he said.

The special sea detail was set and the ship got underway. After an hour's cruise down the Bay we took departure of the well protected East Passage and entered Rhode Island Sound. At first, the *Spar* only nodded gently at the sea. Soon, however, she was rolling and pitching relentlessly. The ship had been secured throughout with the exception of the bridge and it was not long before it became stuffy below. Lying in my bunk, waiting to go on watch, the ship seemed determined to throw me to the deck. I hung on and felt the internal organs of my body trying to do the same. I wondered whether that was my liver or my spleen that took a sudden lunge in the direction of my throat. Placing my laundry bag next to the bulkhead and my life vest next to the bunk guard rail, I constructed a make-shift strait-jacket that kept me from sliding from side to side. Now I just rolled with the ship.

A few moments of dozing and the boatswain mate called me for the mid-watch. Up on the bridge the red glow of the darkened wheelhouse was deceptively restful. Outside, on the wing, the wind chipped viciously at the skin as the high bow of the ship struck out at each wave.

I stepped back inside, grasped the handles of the radar set and tried to gain a sense of balance. As the ship took a heavy roll, the quartermaster slid past me and hit his shoulder hard against the starboard bulkhead. I looked at the scope. A blip had appeared. On the radio I could hear a freighter telling the Narragansett Bay pilot that she would be at Brenton Tower in two hours. That blip must be the freighter, I thought, a freighter that will be anchored comfortably in Narragansett Bay in a few hours.

During a normal watch on the *Spar* there are three men on the bridge; the officer of the deck, the quartermaster of the watch and the helmsman. The rest of the ship is tending to its business or asleep. In the lonely hours of the mid-watch those on the bridge are a trio of adventurers on a deserted planet. They, and the boatswain mate of the watch making his rounds of the ship, are the only ones who will know what took place that night.

A few curt bits of information are exchanged when the watch is relieved —"This black beast is on a course of 136 degrees true, making good eleven knots, 0330 position is on the chart, the radar scope is . . . ." But aside from that no one will ask them about the watch. And the log will read simply: "Underway as before."

Throughout the next day the *Spar* pounded along towards the object of her search — a 69-foot green fishing vessel with a white superstructure, orange dory, 7 persons aboard, and engine failure. Towards mid-afternoon

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we approached the area and made radio contact with the trawler as we had several times during our trip out. The skipper spoke on 2182 kilocycles with a thick Scandinavian accent. He said that all on board were well, that his vessel came from New Bedford, Mass., and was owned by a man whose name had an unmistakably Portuguese sound. Leif Erickson, Prince Henry the Navigator and Captain Ahab had found a common heir 150 miles southeast of Cape Cod.

The *Spar's* only radioman, who had brought his mattress to the radio shack so he could grab a few moments sleep between messages that flowed in and out around the clock, asked the trawler for a long count. The skipper counted slowly, the *Spar's* radio direction finder searched for the direction of his voice, the needle finally coming to rest five points off the starboard bow. The ship altered on course and headed for the disabled craft.

A mast was sighted ahead. The *Spar* approached the trawler wallowing in the heavy sea. Our gunner's mate, wearing a bright red vest, aimed his line-throwing gun across the bow of the other ship. There was a report and a thin line soared over the water. In less than ten minutes the fishing vessel was in tow and the *Spar* headed towards New Bedford.

Now the seas began to abate. I began to feel like eating good food again. Early in the trip I had given my lobster saute to Neptune as a peace offering and thereafter had subsisted on dry bread. This bland diet permitted me to achieve an uncomfortable but successful cease-fire with my stomach. But now the smell of the cooks preparing cream of tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches wafted through the passageways, a sure sign that good weather was back in store.

Finally, we were in Rhode Island Sound and then Buzzards Bay. The fishing craft was turned over to the commercial towboat *Captain Leroy II* at the entrance to New Bedford harbor. We hauled in the towline and where once had been a fishing vessel found a sack of deep sea lobsters, secured there by the trawler crew. The *Spar* turned back down Buzzards Bay and headed for Bristol.

Steaming up Narragansett Bay in the morning light, the sun caused a million reflections on the water to play tag with one another. Rose Island, Buoy 17TTR, Poppasquash Point and Bristol Harbor drew closer at a steady 12.1 knots.

It was neither hot nor cold and the wind did not bite. The *Spar* approached the dock. "Put out all lines when you can." A gentle nudge and the *Spar* was home again.

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Unfair Weather

JOHNSON BACKS PLAN
TO ALTER WEATHER
—Washington Evening Star

"Robert Moses has appealed to the Weather Bureau here to take a more 'positive' approach in its forecasts to avoid discouraging attendance at the World's Fair."

—New York Times

"President Johnson today submitted to Congress a reorganization plan to consolidate the Weather Bureau and the Coast and Geodetic Survey into a new agency to be known as the Environmental Science Services Administration in the Commerce Department."

—Washington Post

Chiswell Stiggle, Chief Environment Scientist of ESSA, looked at his last isobar of the day and stood up. He was just about to put on his coat when the phone rang.

"Mr. Stiggle, this is Moses in New York. We're having some trouble at the Fair."

"I'm sorry Mr. Moses, but I took my family last year."

"No, not that. Weather trouble. I'm not getting the sort of cooperation from your people in New York I need. Why, just this morning, with not a cloud in the sky, they said there was a 30 per cent chance of precipitation and as a result we've had one of the worst days of the season."

"I'm sorry to hear that. But you know what we say down here in ESSA. If you don't like the environmental science, just wait a few minutes and it'll change."

"I don't have time for your silly little proverbs. The Fair is of great importance to the people of New York and the least you could do is keep a firmer hand on your frontal lows."

"We're doing the best we can, Mr. Moses. But, you see, the problem is that our political liason officer in New York was approached by Sen. Kennedy's office yesterday and told that Lindsay would definitely win the election if the city didn't get some rain. I checked with the White House and Bill Moyers said, "Let it rain, Chiswell, rain all night long." So that's what we're trying to do.

"Well, just who runs New York?"

"That's a matter for the courts to decide, I guess. Besides, Everett Dirksen is speaking outdoors at the Fair tomorrow and I have explicit instructions to provide a line squall over there by three-thirty p.m."

"What's your overall prediction for tomorrow?"

"Well, let's see, what with the school aid appropriations coming up on the Hill and the current state of the feud between Bobby Kennedy and the President, I'd say that . . ."

"The map, man, look at the weather map."

"Oh that, I'm afraid I'm not very good at reading those things. There is a wiggly line with a lot of sharp points up around Poughkeepsie and there's kind of a circle with a letter "L" in the middle of it long about Harrisburg and what looks like a bunch of musical notes all over Connecticut and . . ."

"Stiggle, what sort of environmental scientist are you, anyway?"

"Oh, I'm new here. I'm the guy who won 13 counties in Kansas for Johnson in 1964, you know out there where the waving wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind comes right behind the rain. The White House offered me a judgeship but I said I'd take weather instead. There's really more power in it, you know."

"Damn it all, Stiggle, I have half a mind to seize your office by eminent domain and build a superhighway through it. But just tell me one thing — is it going to rain tomorrow?"

"Well, let's see. What sort of sky do you have up there?"

"We've got a red sky tonight."

"Sailor's delight, Mr. Moses, sailor's delight."

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The Clothing Man

By Arnold Falleder

NEW YORK

The clothing man peered over a shoulder, the ghost in a three-way mirror, rich with advice. Tastefully adorned, he was a New Yorker of averaged height and build, red-faced and with theatrically grey hair.

"I used to sweep-up in Crawfords chainstores when I was a kid. Pretty soon they let me sell."

"That was thirty-five years ago." He spoke of his family.

"The girl stayed under my roof till she married, but the two boys (he made a thumb stand) . . . after high school."

He smiled.

"We had four rooms but now we changed for three . . . the rents the same, now. In general things are good. The young guys at my place can't sell the way I do. I mean . . . when a customer comes from the Island, let's say, to buy two three suits, a topcoat; he needs an older guy like me who he can have respect for. Even where I work Sunday, they show me respect."

Briefly he mentioned "a nice salary" and that the extra work he was doing was to pay off for drapes that his wife got for the living room.

"Until two years ago we spent our vacations in the mountains at my wife's mother's bungalow colony. But she died and somebody took it over. No, my wife works . . . I mean she does clerical office work jobs on and off. She brought the air conditioner and helped pay for the TV set. Both of us got together on the car. We don't use it much now. We don't go to the mountains anymore. Now she rides it. I once got a muscle strain pulling a suit rack. I couldn't turn the wheel, she started and I never began again."

While we talked he smoked a cigar. I asked him about such an expense.

"My son-in-law," he said.

From the eighty odd dollars of regular salary each week the clothing man must budget for a variety of expenses. With a rental of sixty dollars a month, car and insurance payments, two dollars a month till the vacuum cleaner is paid off, union dues, Sunday dinners out, the basketball and baseball pools; after the addition of dry cleaning, carfare, the movie, food and clothing, his wife's occas onal income is not unnecessary.

"We're good off; what does a guy like me need? I'm happy if I'm sitting out in front of the apartment knowing as soon as I finish one of these, I can start burning another."

He smiled. For himself, he had known no fears. The clothing business he said, is not only safe for him, but it gives a good buy for the average customer.

"Today", he said, "any piece of meat cost you a dollar thirty, forty. On top of that the more it costs the more they weigh the bones and fat. If you buy a suit — it's a suit. You look good in it. It fits. It gives you value. If it's a couple of pennies more or less . . . it's still all there. Of course the more you spend the more you're gonna get. Cheap is cheap. But that doesn't mean a guy like me or you (he pointed at me) can't be presentable. No sir!

"In about ten years I'll retire. I'm experienced now so I don't have to worry about working. And like I said before, all those young guys can do is jump around carrying four and five suits at a time. I get the respect that you gotta have to make out in this business."

He drew out a card as I was leaving. He said he might have something for me.

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The Round Tire

By Edward P. Morgan

I keep forgetting, even in this age of daily marvels, that wonders will never cease. We are now being encouraged to buy the "round" automobile tire. "It wears better," say the big newspaper ads I have seen. What we are confronted with here, obviously, is a major breakthrough in science: the invention of the wheel. I had been under the impression that the wheel was invented 5,000 years ago after an anonymous genius among our forefathers discovered it was easier to move heavy loads by rolling them along on logs. It is clear now, however, that I have been grossly misinformed. Log-rolling is a pastime reserved exclusively for politicians who have never been credited with inventing anything but excuses — except maybe for Thomas Jefferson and he wasn't really a politician. He was a gentleman farmer and a statesman. No, American industry has done it again. It has come up with the round tire and so far it seems to be an unadulterated triumph. *Pravda* has yet to claim that the Russians invented it.

I suggest, nevertheless, that the development calls for a Congressional investigation of what kind of tires we have been riding on since the automobile displaced the horse. True enough, I have tossed sleeplessly in Pullman berths over railroad rights-of-way on what seemed to be square wheels and I once had a Model T Ford with a frenzied shimmy but this was due, inspection revealed, not to tires imperfectly cast but to the Tin Lizzie's

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From the ABC Radio program "Edward P. Morgan and the News," sponsored by the AFL-CIO.

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allergy to smooth roads after being used to long travel in the ruts of country lanes. The general assumption surely has been that automobile tires, unlike this cockeyed world, have *always* been round. This makes it a little difficult perhaps to adjust to the sudden revelation that only now are we to be given the opportunity to purchase tires that travel, as it were, not only in the best but in perfect circles.

This could conceivably be the start of a whole new trend of truth in advertising, which may or may not have been stimulated by defensive reflexes of industry, reacting guiltily to the legislative drive of Senator Hart of Michigan to require truth in packaging. Look out, I suggest, for some enterprising manufacturer of lump sugar to unveil a daring advertising campaign, written with sweetness and light, promoting his product as the only square cube on the market. When you stop to think of it, the mind boggles at the lengths integrity can be made to travel in the medium of salesmanship by the simple device of honestly emphasizing a product's shape—as in a square cube, a circular wheel, a round sphere or a sharp point.

It's when you pierce the shape and get into the contents that you still encounter confusion between claims and counterclaims. The outside dimensions of a cigarette, for example, are reasonably recognizable, whether filter or non-filter. But now a nationally-advertised brand (non-filter) is being plugged as the smoke which, by implication, is the only one that has "real taste." Does this mean that the taste of all the others is imaginary or just different?

Other complications confront the consumer. The other day I caught a commercial on the radio in which a nationwide chain of restaurants proudly claimed that some 350,000,000 Americans ate its meals in 1964. That's a lot of Americans. In fact it's about 157,000,000 more than exist, according to the current United States population figures. This leads to only one frightening conclusion: the Minutemen, the John Birch Society and other groups of patriotic vigilantes are right; Communists have infiltrated the country in large numbers and are going around to restaurants and other public places disguised as Americans.

The future appears to promise even more taxing of the public's credulity, which doesn't have a very high threshold, apparently, as it is. This morning's *Wall Street Journal* reports that so richly resonant is the continuing economic boom that advertisers are eager to exploit the consumers' spend-spree and thus may substantially surpass the $15 billion level recently predicted for total 1965 advertising outlay. This would be a rise of nearly eight per cent over 1964. Reflecting the opulence of the Great Society the dispatch says one Los Angeles swimming pool manufacturer raised his ad budget for this year by 30 per cent.

A companion item in the *Journal* reveals that one oil company, however, is dropping its tongue-in-cheek campaign for "pink air" which it promised motorists as the "ultimate additive" for tires, presumably round. A company spokesman said its new advertising "won't try to kid anybody." Who is kidding whom, now?

YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT TROUBLES

8:30 — Dr. Kildare; "Lullaby for an Indian Summer." Doctor with less than year to live learns his pregnant wife might die during delivery.

—Announcement for TV show

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VERSES

A lumberman who lived in Poland
Had the quite odd named of :d.
One day as he laughed
By a saw he was halved
And now he's a sad ;d.

There was a young lady named
Tash
Who liked to do things with a —.
Once slicing a plum.
She stuck out her thumb
And instead of a slice got a /.

A young man who worked hard
for Rand
Believed & meant just &.
So he felt great dismay
When they told him one day
That & should be called &.

—*Lawrence G. Smith*

"The male bowerbird of Australia builds a mound of mud and sticks during the mating season, burrows a tunnel to its center and waits for a passing female."
—*Canadian Press*

I have only last hour heard
About the lonely bowerbird
That builds a muddy mound to
wait
The coming of a passing mate.

Some think that it would be absurd
To emulate the bowerbird;
With dirt and berries, sticks laid
neat
Construct a warm seduction suite.

Yet does not man complete his
courtage
By taking out a long-term
mortgage?
And delving into this still deeper,
Is not the bowerbird's way cheaper?

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SUMMER 1965

THE GHOSTS ON THE PLATFORM ..... Page 1
LETTERS ..... Page 9
THE DOMINICAN AFFAIR ..... Page 10
IDLER'S JOURNAL ..... Page 22
UNFAIR WEATHER ..... Page 31
THE CLOTHING MAN ..... Page 32
THE ROUND TIRE ..... Page 33

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